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he refused if the cause were insufficient, it would reduce the number of shooting affrays. Every person who is likely to get into a quarrel carries a revolver, which he proceeds to use on the slightest provocation, and even without provocation.

MISSION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. One of those well-meaning people who make themselves unhappy by insisting that we are drifting away from the good old times when, in their judgment, the world was on the verge of the millennium.

ERRONEOUS POINT OF VIEW. A considerable number of novelists and not a few poets take the position that labor is a curse and the man compelled to work for a daily wage a being invariably to be pitied—a sufferer and a victim of oppression.

HOW HISTORY IS DISTORTED. If some future Diderot should write an "Encyclopaedia of Literature" he might make an interesting chapter on historical inaccuracies and another on their origin.

POOR LAND AND LITERATURE. An interesting question for somebody to investigate is to what extent intellectual activity and literary productions are affected by physical conditions and environments.

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Mr. Bryan thinks the white Republican party movement in the South can be defeated, but he says: "Those who believe that the man is more important than the dollar will have to best themselves." Of course "man" used in this generic sense means white man only.

The system adopted by the Illinois Central Railroad Company for pensioning its employees is, without doubt, the broadest and most liberal plan of the kind ever adopted by a great corporation toward its employees.

The action of the government in declining to make the American legation guard left in Peking subject to the order of any foreign general was entirely correct. As this small force is left in China for the sole purpose of guarding and protecting the American legation it should be under American orders exclusively.

In addressing a Bible class in New York a few nights ago Mr. John D. Rockefeller said: "I believe the gift than which no other is more valuable is the gift of honest labor, giving a man steady work."

The Standard Oil Company is not organized for charitable purposes, but it has done a great deal of the kind of giving described by Mr. Rockefeller.

The statement of Minister Conger relative to the conduct of the missionaries in China is a complete refutation of the charges made by Mark Twain. Indeed, Twain's defense was no defense in any real sense, and he would have been discredited entirely if a zealous clergyman had not assailed his character. That done, Twain had the rare opportunity to fight the man with his own weapon, of which he availed himself, thus causing the real issue to be lost sight of.

The discussion of the old charge of irreligion in the public schools has been revived in Boston, causing the Herald to declare that "it would be glad if all religious denominations could agree upon some general religious and moral instruction which could be inculcated in the schools, not inconsistent with, but supplementary to, denominational church instruction."

The difficulty is that a portion of the Christian church places the method of teaching above the righteousness of the teachings of Christ.

Speaking of the use of revolvers in the larger part of the brawl, a prominent State officer suggested the expediency of requiring every person who carries a pistol to have a license to do so. There is now a law against carrying concealed weapons, which, if enforced, would curtail the pistol-carrying habit; still, if a law could be enforced requiring all persons carrying pistols to show cause for so doing, and to

this is true it might be because the greater opportunities for indulgence in costly pleasures absorb time that would otherwise be given to reading. But before admitting the truth of the theory the fact must be demonstrated that people who live on poor land really do more reading than those who live on rich land. If it is true that there is more demand for traveling libraries in the southern part of the State than there is in the northern part, it may be because there are more public libraries in the northern part and more people who have books of their own. The theory is too fanciful to be accepted without proof. It is a fact, however, that most of the noted writers of Indiana have produced were born south of an east-and-west line drawn across the center of the State. This, again, might be due to the fact that the southern part of the State was settled first and got an earlier start in literary growth than the northern part. One thing is certain, and that is that Indiana has produced more good literature than any neighboring State, so there must be something in environment whether there is in poor land or not.

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the room. Mr. Frederick Seward, hearing some one coming up the stairs, hurried into the hall, where he was at once savagely attacked by Payne and knocked down by blows on the head with a heavy club. For several days it was thought he was fatally injured. Payne then rushed into the room, fought his way past Robinson till he reached the bed, where he inflicted several severe wounds on Mr. Seward's face and neck with a knife. Mr. Frederick Seward was still unconscious, and, believing that he had finished Secretary Seward, Payne ran down stairs, mounted a horse and rode away. Later he was captured, tried by a military court, convicted and hanged. Gen. R. S. Foster, of this city, who was a member of the court that tried the conspirators, says there was no evidence before it of any woman having participated in the scenes at the Seward house. If she had done so she would have been an important witness. The dispatch says that Mrs. Coleman had held a position in the Treasury Department twenty-seven years. In that case she was appointed in 1874. Mr. Seward died in 1872, seven years after the attempted assassination. It was tardy gratitude that gave Mrs. Coleman a position in the Treasury Department nine years after her alleged saving of Mr. Seward's life and two years after his death. It is to be hoped no future historian will incorporate the story of her saving Secretary Seward's life into a veracious history.

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never heard of before and are not sure to hear again. When the public pays its money and goes to the theater in person it knows what it is to get and has no complaint to make, but when it buys a paper or a magazine it is within comprehension that it may protest at having the pictures of actresses—the most of whom never did any acting worth mentioning—thrust in its face whether or no. Perhaps it would be an unreasonable public that would grumble, perhaps, on the contrary, it ought to be pleased at the successive triumphs of "art," perhaps the purchasers of the illustrated dailies and magazines with a theatrical attachment like the sort of thing they buy; nevertheless, there is room for suspicion that this particular department of art has been a trifle overdone.

ART AND THE UNCLEAN. Indianapolis has been favored with some excellent theatrical entertainments during the season just about to close—excellent both in an ethical and artistic sense; clean plays well played. Not all of these have been well patronized, however. A number of the best were presented to very small audiences; this, too, in face of the fact that the Indianapolis public prizes itself on its knowledge and appreciation of things theatrical. Last week came a play which was not only not clean, but was of an indecency particularly offensive, and behold, "society" of the most select and exclusive—together with an element not quite so select—turned out in a body to see the performance. Probably not one person present, except here and there a boy or girl, but knew in advance the character of the play; probably not one, with the possible exceptions mentioned, but was present because of its indecent character. They would not admit this; oh dear, no. They did not have the excuse that the play, in spite of its theme, was a fine production, as some plays are; the fact being that it is a work of no literary quality, but is a cheap vulgar portrayal of an under side of life which only genius, imbued by moral purpose, is justified in bringing to the front in novel or drama. The pretext behind which they hid themselves was that they were lovers of art; the actress who took the leading part was a great artist, and they wished, so they said, to see her portrayal. It is true that they had not been so hungry for art when clean plays equally well acted had been open to them, but the pretense served for the occasion. They saw what they wanted—a vulgar play consummately presented by a talented woman, for it is practically a one-act production. The fact that it was well acted, that the actress had sufficient insight to comprehend the life and the character she undertook to present and the courage to portray it truthfully only intensified the vulgarity and general uncleanness. It was not an edifying nor an elevating performance. An occasional one could be heard in passing out trying to justify his presence by the professed discovery of an instructive moral, but the false and mawkish sentiment of which the play is full conceals the moral pretty effectually from most observers. What the majority claimed to have seen was art. It was "great art," said they, and rolled up their eyes rapturously, deprecating no one. Many sins are committed in the name of art, and many false prophets hide securely behind its skirts, but it is hardly worth while for the people who flock to an unclean play for the purpose of viewing the unspeakable to affect this cheap cant. They only emphasize their hypocrisy thereby.

Here is a man who has the courage of his convictions. Rev. Dr. Gamble, a Methodist minister of Philadelphia, rose in his wrath in a meeting of his ministerial brethren the other day and condemned the new Methodist hymnal. He declared that the present hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church is too cumbersome, and that 700 of the more than 1,100 hymns in the book should be discarded. "We have," he said, "three hundred of the hymns written by the Wesleys. This is ridiculous! It is worshipping the men. There are new and good hymns in plenty. Surely the past twenty-five years has raised up poets and produced as good verses as were ever composed." He believes that a hymn to be good need not necessarily have been written a hundred years ago. "Music," he said, "is the power house of our services. We must have an up-to-date hymnal. We want none of the trashy ditties and sacred songs with pious names ground out every twentieth month, to hawk at camp meetings for revenue only. Nor do we want any of the soulless stuff called music and turned out by publishing houses as carpets and canned goods are turned out, with no motto but money." It is high time this subject was considered in relation to nearly all collections of so-called sacred songs and music. Many of the hymns in the volumes have neither the merit of being good verse or of speaking wholesome sentiment. They are "sacred songs" in fact, and in the interest of religion and literature should be eliminated.

The New York Herald publishes an interview with the German minister of foreign affairs relative to the attitude of Germany toward the United States. The minister declares in the most unequivocal terms that "nothing could be further from the policy of Germany than to interfere with the United States." He says Germany has never had a serious dispute with the United States. There are a few grievances on both sides growing out of trade, but these are not serious. Germany desires no port in the Philippines. The feeling prevails in Germany that an unfriendly spirit exists in this country regarding the empire. This is doubtless the case in a limited sense, but it is due entirely to the attitude of the German government in the Chinese complications. The feeling prevails that Germany's policy toward the Chinese has been unduly harsh and that the present unsatisfactory conditions are due largely to the action of German officials. At the same time Germany has done nothing in China which can be regarded as hostile to American interests. The German minister declares that Germany is in favor of equal commercial rights for all nations. But, whatever ill feeling there may be in this country regarding Germany, it is of a temporary nature and is due entirely to the course of Germany in China, which is not regarded as being in harmony with German traditions.

For years the Harpers ceaselessly and urgently insisted upon the acceptance of John Kendrick Bangs by the public as a humorist. There were symptoms of revolt from time to time and some stubborn persons even yet refuse to see him in that light, but in the main he ranks according to the label placed on him. And now, after all these years, the same publishers are

putting him forward as a serious writer and asking that his opinions on politics and other matters of general interest be respectfully considered. Go! A leopard may change his spots sooner than a professional humorist his reputation. Bangs may not really be funny, but we decline to regard him as a statesman.

to find out all about it was to get in, and those who were in didn't dare tell. But she thought it must be exhilarating or there would not be so many trying to get in. She said that after she had become identified with the Small Set she and Winterling wherever she went and once in a while she would get her name on the Program for the Dog Show. She said that the General Public would all the time be wondering what she was going to do next, and she would be in the Papers so often that after a while the Printer would get tired of setting up her name and would keep it standing in Type the same as the Notices for Sarsaparilla. Alex. didn't see the good of it, but he held on to her Dress as directed and she took him over the Jumps. Only he warned her that he would not wear a Piece of Glass in his Eye or smoke Cigarettes because those things did not fit his kind of a Face.

The Family leased a large, chilly House built in the Style of Louie the Something and engaged an Englishman with a perfidious Face to Bottle for them and began to go to Places where People didn't need Invitations in order to get in. Now and then Elvira or Farina would clutch Alex. by the Arm and whisper, "Here comes one now," and then the Woman Follies would hold their Breath until the Representative of the Most Exclusive Circle had passed on.

"He 'pears the same as anybody else to me," Alex. would say. "Up here where everybody wears those John Drew Glasses and puts up a touch-me-not Front I don't see how you can tell 'Tother from Which'."

Then they would have to explain that there was a Woman named Mrs. Wetherby-Glue who had a little Book in which she kept a List of all the sure-enough, assas-tran-scended specimens of the Aristocracy, and no matter how much Alex. you throw on, if you were not in this Book your Name was Dead. So the Game was to induce this Hypnotized Lady to let down the Bars and stamp your Ticket.

After they had been thrashing around the Outposts for a few months without seeing a Chance to slip through the Lines Elvira decided to give a Dinner and invite all the Well-Known Characters they had met and make it a sort of an opening Wedge. When the Regrets came pouring in it seemed that every new Acquaintance was Indispensable or had Serious Illness in the Family or was compelled to Decline on account of a Recent Bereavement. Alex. read all these Throw-Downs and said there was one Consolation. If there was that much sickness and Death in the local Four Hundred he figured that the whole Caboodle would be Extinct in a couple of Years and then he would be afforded a happy Relief from his Troubles.

Elvira and Farina were hanging on the Ropes for a few Days after the proposed Dinner Party made a Fizzle, but they did not Give Up. They pulled themselves together and resumed Sawing Wood. They gathered Alex.'s Money on Subscription Lists and forced their way into all the Charity Dress Parades and got a large number of Berets in the Parquet Circle of the Church attended by the Notables, and they positively refused to be Over-looked.

After three Years of Patient Endeavor they got their Wish, for all Things come to him who puts up his Margins and continues to look Pleasant and who is so Resilient that he comes back into Shape every time the Band Wagon runs over him. Elvira and Farina and Alex. were invited to Break Bread with Mrs. Wetherby-Glue.

"To-night's the Night," said Elvira, trembling like an Aspen. "You want to be sure and Laugh every time the Mother Superior springs one of her Mots, and remember that the little Cup early in the Deal contains Consomme and not Tea, so don't toss any Loaf Sugar into it or back to the Country we go."

After the Triumph Event, when they were coming homeward in the Carriages, there was a Sound of subdued Cussing. It was Alex.

"Don't like to Beef," he said, "but I feel like the Farm Hand from Muscatine that counted out his Summer's Wages and then picked up the wrong Shell."

"Cheer up," said Elvira. "It was a tolerably puny Evening, but, thank goodness, we have Arrived. By the way, where were you all during the Solemnities?"

"They had me tucked away behind the Shrubbery at the Foot of the Table," replied Alex. "A spare Lady and I were hanging down there together. She told me all about her Splitz Dog and I said 'Yes ma'am' over 800 times. I calculate that I have put in the Best Years of my Life and I know \$40,000 to find out about that Dog. Stop it, Hack! I want to get something to Eat." And he got out and went into an Oyster Bay.

Moral—The cheapest and best way to find out about Gay Society is to buy the Half-Dollar Kind, for sale at all News Stands.

scintulously continue to charge 5 cents of his Johnstown lines, so he is making arrangements to sell them to somebody else.

FROM HITHER AND YON. Level Head. Chicago Record-Herald. "Does cock complain of my healthy appetite?" "Oh, no; she says she would rather look for six men with big appetites than for one woman without any."

High Ball. A man full of guine and whiskey— "Reproachable?" "Oh, not at all! I only had it in mind to observe that he's loaded with powder and ball." —Detroit Journal.

Not Successful. Philadelphia Press. "Willie," said mamma, "didn't I tell you to wash your face?" "Yes, ma'am," Willie replied, "and I did wash it."

"I don't believe you. It's just as dirty as ever."

"Mamma," piped little Elsie, who had just been vaccinated, "maybe he did do it, but it didn't 'take' the first time."

The Kind That Always Drowns. Detroit Journal. "Save me!" cried I, pitiously, as I was about to sink for the third time, "or I shall drown." "The people on the shore smiled incredulously. 'Sacrist!' it was clear that I had not a moment to lose!"

Accordingly, I hastened to perform a few stiff feat feats in the water, such as to swim if I was an expert swim